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COWLEY



A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF
THE AMERICAN CONGREGATION
OF THE SOCIETY OF
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

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THE CONGREGATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, NIKKO, JAPAN
August 12, 1951

(At the left, in the rear are Father Sakurai, S.S.I.E., and Bishop John Okubo of the Diocese of North Kwang.)

COWLEY

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF SUBJECTS
MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS

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AN EPIPHANY SERMON

By FATHER WILLIAMS, S.S.J.E.

Ephesians, Chapter III, parts of verses 2-6.

"God — by revelation made known unto me the mystery — which in other generations was not made known unto the sons of men — that the Gentiles are fellow-heirs, and fellow-members of the body, and fellow-partakers of the promise in Christ Jesus through the gospel."

THE Brotherhood of Man — what a familiar, even what a trite phrase it is! It was an expression which was especially dear to a generation now past; to those large-hearted Victorian idealists, who in their confident faith in man's automatic progress through an inevitable law of evolution, felt sure that the principles of Christian morality would always hold the field, even though Reason should demand, indeed did demand, the abandonment of Christian doctrinal teaching. Indeed, the Brotherhood of Man was one of the three supposedly basic beliefs insisted upon in those "Liberal Protestant Churches, like the Unitarian, who felt that it was impossible to accept the Catholic Creeds. To them the only necessary belief was, "The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Leadership of Jesus."

There is no reason to assume that these Victorian idealists or Liberal Protestants were in any way hypocritical or insincere, in thus proclaiming as their creed, the Brotherhood of Man. Indeed, their actions demonstrated their sincerity. They were interested in social welfare, and worked hard for it. They were interested in the improvement of "backward races", even sometimes to the extent of enforcing their ideas of civilization and improvement at the point of a sword. Those who thus worked for the Brotherhood of Man did not, perhaps, altogether succeed in freeing themselves from the assumption of a considerable superiority to those down-trodden people, to whom they carried their message; but at least belief in the Brotherhood of Man was taken for granted by most intelligent people yesterday.

To-day, in spite of much lip-service given to this doctrine, and some real attempts to put it into effect on the part of men and women of good-will; we have seen a practical repudiation of belief in the Brotherhood of Man on the part of many people in our modern world. Instead of Brotherhood; we have heard preached in many quarters the contrary doctrine that strife and enmity is

the necessary and inevitable law of human progress. Enmity between national states, between different races, between various classes and groups in human society, is defended and encouraged. Nations proclaim their "rights" and enforce them, if they can, at the expense of their neighbours; Gentile is set against Jew, Asiatic against Westerner, Catholic against Protestant, White against Black. Others solemnly declare that the only path to human happiness and progress lies in the Class War; whereby the proletariat shall overthrow the bourgeoisie. Other examples could be cited if necessary. But it is surely clear that in many quarters to-day, the old doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man is dying, if not dead.

And the reason it is dying, is, that the Brotherhood of Man is essentially a Christian, a New Testament, doctrine, and cannot really thrive except in a Christian climate. The Brotherhood of Man, which depends on the belief that we are all the Children of God, depends in turn on belief in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Man. Without the Incarnation, without the Catholic Church, — the fruit of the Incarnation, — the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man dries up and withers away. Without the idea of the Catholic Church, the idea of the Brotherhood of Man cannot endure.

The Brotherhood of Man, that is the great secret of God, that is the hidden mystery, the new truth unknown to past generations, unknown even to the Jews, unsuspected to the generality of the sons of men until it was revealed to men in and by Jesus Christ. That is the wonderful truth which St. Paul is proclaiming in this Epistle to the Ephesians; that God no longer has a single Chosen People, — the Jews, — superior to all others because of their birth; but that henceforth all men everywhere, whatever their nationality, whatever their race, whatever their color, were, in Christ Jesus equally acceptable before God. The Christian Family, which is the Catholic Church, is not limited by these accidental bounds of nationality, of color, of race, or of class. In Christ Jesus all are one in God, bound together in one great family, one great brotherhood; bound by the ties of a common faith, a common love, a common possession of the Holy Spirit. St. Paul proclaims this as a new, an astounding truth; and so it was. The Jews no longer are the exclusive Chosen People; but the Gentiles also, the despised outsiders, are likewise Chosen, when once they have accepted Christ. "The Gentiles are fellow-heirs, and fellow-members of the body, and fellow-partakers of the promise in Jesus Christ through the Gospel."

This true ideal of the Catholic Church, insofar as it is realized here on earth, is the only means by which the Brotherhood of Man can be accomplished. Think of how, in St. Paul's day and since, whenever Christians have been hunted down, persecuted, ostracised; these interior bonds of the Spirit have drawn Christians together. In those early days of the Church's life, a Christian, coming to a strange city did not trouble to ask whether the Christians who welcomed him were bond or free, rich or poor, Jewish or Gentile in background, white or black, or anything else. They were Christians; that was enough! That drew them close together. They were all brothers in Christ, fellow-members of the Holy Catholic Church, united by a tie that was stronger far than any mere human ties of blood, family, nationality, or race. No wonder that outsiders, marvelling at them exclaimed, "See how these Christians love one another."

This vast world-wide Brotherhood, this potential unity of all men in the fellowship of the mystery, in the bonds of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, — why does that same Church bring this especially to our attention in the Liturgy of the Feast of the Epiphany? It is, surely, because of the inner significance of that lovely story of the coming of the Magi to Bethlehem; those wise-men, who, foreigners, outsiders, Gentiles, came to the Christ-child, and offered Him in His cradle the gifts of gold, incense, and myrrh. Their coming is the symbol — the Sacrament — of the coming into the Church of all nations, and tongues, and peoples, and languages; each bringing his own treasure, his own rich gift of his own tradition of culture; all sharing in the unspeakable riches of Christ to be found within this one, great, international brotherhood.

In Mediaeval times, the Gospel story of the coming of the Magi grew into the picturesque legend of the three Kings; Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. One was a white king, standing for the white races and peoples of Europe; another a yellow king, representing the great multitudes of Asia; while a black king stood for the peoples of the African Continent. Thus all men were represented as coming to the cradle of Christ on terms of absolute equality: as true brothers drawn together by Him. He welcomes them all, He accepts their varied offerings. They are made one in Him, brothers of Christ, sons of the common Father. As we glimpse this glorious vision, let us ask Him, as Christians, to put away these rivalries, these hatreds, these divisions which obscure the mystery of Unity. Let us try to learn more truly, more practically, what it means to be a member of Christ's Holy Catholic Church. And in the

measure that you and I have been privileged to share in the mystery, let us realize our duty to take part in some real way in the missionary work of the Church; to help to let all men know the unspeakable riches of Christ. The spread of the Catholic Church alone can bring about the Brotherhood of Man. The message of Epiphany should be a trumpet call to missionary endeavour.

Is any sacrifice too great to make known to the Gentiles, those now outside the Church, the unsearchable riches of Christ? Is any sacrifice too great for that? Is any cost too high to pay in the cause of Christian missions? "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. *They* gave their life's blood. What have *I* given?

"Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on the way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious,
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay."

What am I giving, what am I doing, to help to bring all men into the fellowship of the mystery; to bring to others the knowledge of the unsearchable riches of Christ; to make known to the world the Glad Tidings of Jesus; the wonderful Brotherhood of the Holy Catholic Church?

THE OBLATIONS

This bread, this wine were once a thousand things:
Wind in the winter wheat, spring rain and sun,
Earth that is black, men black or brown, who run
The plow and thresher that the harvest brings;
Napa or Jerez, Burgund vintner to kings,
Purple fingers, dust on the mouth, the nun
Who bakes the quiet bread (to be the Son);
These all indwell, these are the offerings.

* * *

These, and the prayer; Plainchant and incense, gold
And measured motion, solemn courtesy
Presents Him in these things that man can mold,
The Son returned, the Sacrifice all free
Contains Himself in Host that man can hold,
Lift up, adore, receive-in-flesh, and See.

— MILDRED KEMPER TERRILL

THE ABBOT DANIEL

Translated by FATHER JOHNSON, S.S.J.E.
from the *Liber de Miraculis*

Johannes Monachus (950-1050 A.D.) translated the stories which are contained in the *Liber de Miraculis* into Latin from Greek manuscripts belonging to the sixth century. The stories about the Abbot Daniel appear to have been written, not long after his death, by one who had lived with him in the Thebaid as his "Disciple",—a monastic novice—who had accompanied him on those journeys which are described very vividly in three of the narratives in the *Liber de Miraculis*. Only the Disciple could have told these stories which bear many marks of authenticity. The Disciple seems to have written them in Greek in the latter half of the sixth century. The Emperor Justinian (527-565) is brought into two of these autobiographical stories which the Abbott Daniel told to his disciple.

The Abbot Daniel was living in the region of the Thebaid, and he was the priest (presbyter) at Scithis. It happened one day, however, that having with him his one disciple he made a journey down the river by boat. When his journey by boat was completed, they came to a certain village where the old man had delivered his order for the boatmen. Then the old man said, "This is where we have to stay today." But the disciple began to murmur, and to say, "How long must we continue to compass the country about? Let there be a time at last when we may go to Scithis." But the old man said, "Nay, we must by no means depart hence, but must stay in this place today." So they sat in the middle of the village, as men sit who wait there for succour. And the disciple said to the old man, "Can this in any wise be pleasing to God that we should continue to sit here like brethren that have need of relief? Let us at least go into the Church." But the old man said, "Nay, we must in no wise remove ourselves hence, but must be here where we now are." And there they stayed, sitting all the time in the same place right on into the dark evening. And the disciple began to be filled with bitterness, and to bring accusations against the old man, saying, "Oh how hard a thing it is that because of you, and for your sake, I have to be ready to die! What shall we accomplish by sitting here?" Now this was the manner of their speech together, when suddenly there appeared before them a certain other old man, a layman, and he was one who had begun to be very aged many a day before this, and his shoulders were bowed down low.

When he saw the Abbot Daniel he came to him and embraced him, and, weeping tears, began to kiss his feet. But he did not omit to greet the disciple as well, and to both of them he said, "I am at your service." But more than this. He was carrying a lantern, and was then making his way through all the open places

of the village for the very purpose that he might search for guests. So he took the old man along with him, together with the disciple and others whom he found, and forthwith departed to his house.

And when they were all come in, he put water into a basin and washed the feet of the brethren and of the old man; for he had none other in his house besides, nor any one in any other place, save One only, — that is God.

And he set a table before them; and, when they had eaten therefrom, he gathered up the fragments that were left over and put them out for the dogs of the village. This, indeed, he had made to be his constant custom; for he would not set aside one particle to be kept till the morning.

Then the Abbot Daniel took the aged man apart into a more secret place; and there the two of them sat together until day began to dawn, speaking profitable words and shedding many tears; but when morning was fully come they took leave of one another and parted.

Now when at length they had set forth upon their journey, the disciple fell down at the feet of the old man saying, "For God's sake, Father, do me this kindness; tell me, Who is that old man? and how did you come to know him?" But he would not tell him. And again he began to ask him, saying, "You have committed to me many other matters; will you not trust me, too, about that old man?" For the disciple had had many matters committed to his trust concerning the virtues of many holy men. And still the old man would by no means tell the brother about that other old man. But so sorely did the brother take this matter to his heart, that he would no more speak to him at all. Nor yet, when he was come to his own little cell, did the brother offer to the old man even a small portion to eat, as in time past he had been wont to do. For the old man, at every season of his life, had made the eleventh hour to be the time appointed for his meal.

So when evening was now come, the old man came to the brother's cell and said unto him, "What is this my son? Have you let your father go forth from you to die of hunger?" But the brother answered him, saying, "Why, if it be to me that you now speak, I have no father. For, had there been any that was my father, then must he surely have been one that would at the least have loved his son. Now, therefore, be thou the one that shall serve."

And the old man took hold of the door of the cell, to open it and to go out.

But the brother ran and took hold of the old man, and began to kiss his feet and to say unto him, "Nay, as the Lord liveth, thou goest not forth from me, except thou shalt first tell me who that old man is."

The brother could no longer see the old man in distress; for he loved him greatly. Then the old man said unto him, "Make ready a morsel of food for me to eat, and afterwards I will tell thee."

When he had finished eating, the old man said to the brother, "Take heed that you be not stiff-necked; it was only because you withstood me in the village that I did not show you before concerning this matter; but see that you pass not on to another that which you shall now hear."

Well, the name of that old man is Eulogius. His occupation is that of a skilled stone-worker; but, from the work of his hands, he procures only one meal of rough pulse each day. All day long until evening he tastes nothing of any kind at all; but, when it is evening, he goes into the village, and as many needy men as he finds there he brings to his own house, and provides them with sustenance. Any small portions that are left over from that meal he puts forth for the dogs; as you saw. It is true that he has been skilled in the art of stone-cutting from the time of his youth until now; but he is a hundred years old, and more; yet God has given him power to work even as in his youth; and so he continues to toil daily for his mess of husk-pottage.

When I was a young man, now some forty years ago; I went up to sell the works of my hands, and it was to that village that I went. Late in the evening he came to me and took me, together with other brothers, to his house, as his custom was, and there he waited upon us with very great courtesy. But I, after I had thus beheld the old man's benevolence, began to fast for whole weeks together; beseeching God to bestow upon him some superabundant bounty, such as would enable him to bestow bounty upon others in full measure, and to benefit them thereby. And it came to pass that when I had fasted for three weeks, or even more, having become faint from fasting; I was lying still upon the ground as though dead. And I saw one standing by me upon whose head was the whiteness of venerable age.

And he began to speak with me, saying, "What aileth thee, Daniel?" And I made answer and said, "I have given my word to Christ that I will not taste bread, except he shall first hear me concerning Eulogius the stone-cutter, and bless him with the means whereby he may benefit many others."

And he said unto me, "Nay, nay, in no wise, for he does well as he is." And I said unto him, "Well, indeed, my Lord, but, to the end that all may glorify thy holy name, give thou unto him, I pray thee."

And he said unto me again, "I tell thee that he is well provided for; nevertheless, if it be thy wish that I should give him more, take thou his soul into thy charge, and pledge thyself so to guard it that it may be saved in the midst of much; and I will give unto him." Then I answered, — yea, it was even I myself who answered, — saying, "From my hands make request for his soul." Then I looked, and lo, we were standing in the Holy Resurrection; (in Jerusalem); and The Child* was seated upon the holy stone; and I saw Eulogius standing at his right hand.

And The Child sent one from among them that stood about him, and he said unto me, "Is it thou that dost take the wardship of Eulogius upon thee?" And they said, "It is he, Sovereign Lord (*dominator*)."

Then spake he again saying: —

"Tell him that I shall have to demand fulfilment of this pledge." And I cried out, "So let it be, Sovereign Lord; demand it from me; only multiply thou upon him thy blessing."

Then I looked, and I saw that there were two there who were pouring much money into the bosom of Eulogius; and as much as ever they poured out upon him, so much did the bosom of Eulogius receive.

And when I was awaked, I knew that I had been heard, and I glorified God.

And it came to pass that when Eulogius was at his work, he struck upon a rock, and heard something that sounded like a kind of ringing; and he looked and found a small opening; then, when he struck again, he found a cave that was filled with money amounting to a large fortune.

But when Eulogius saw it, great fear took hold upon him, and he said, "What shall I do? Shall I bring it into the village? But the chief man of the place will hear of it and will take it from me, and, what is more, I shall be in jeopardy myself. No, it will be better to take it away with me to some distant place; setting out at night, as if with a load of stones."

And he did in truth get all that money down to the mouths of the river; and he suffered that good work to be clean dissolved,

* *The Child*. A majestic title for Christ.

which day by day he had done continually for the lifting up of poor men from their distress.

Furthermore, he now chartered a ship, and, having bestowed therein that which he had found; came with a straight course to Byzantium.

Now at that time Justinus, the uncle of Justinianus, was ruling.

Well, Eulogius gave large sums of money to the Emperor, and to his great men, until at length they made him to be Prefect of the Guard; and he obtained for himself a very splendid house which to this day is called the Egyptian's House.

And it came to pass, by the space of two years after, that I saw in my vision The Child, the same as before, in the Holy Resurrection. And I said within myself, "But where is now Eulogius?" Then, after a little while, I saw Eulogius, and I saw that he was removed from before the face of The Child by a certain Ethiopian. And when I was awaked, I said to myself, "Woe to me that I am a sinner! What have I done? For verily I have lost my soul."

And I took up my staff and departed to the village; as if for the selling of my handiwork. And I sat down and waited for Eulogius as of old. But the evening grew late, and no man had made me to be his charge.

So at last I arose and asked questions of a certain old woman. And I said to her, "Pray, good mother, bring me here three crusts of scorched bread for me to eat; for I may tell you that I have eaten nothing this day." And she said, "Certainly I will go." So she went away and fetched a morsel of cooked food; and sitting down beside me, she began to declare unto me certain spiritual helps (*spiritualia juvamina*) after the manner of a teacher, saying, "Do you not know that The Monastic Order wishes to preserve silence?" And indeed she went on to speak other profitable sayings besides. So I said to her, "What then do you advise? I came to sell the works of my hands." But she answered me and said, "Even if you come to sell your work, nevertheless it is not necessary for you to stay in the town so long. If you wish to be truly a monk, get you straight-way to Scithis." So I said unto her, "Put away, I beseech you, this manner of communications, and tell me, Is there not in this town a man who fears God, and is a gatherer together of needy guests?" And she said unto me, "O, my father, what is this that you have said? For we have indeed had here a man that was a stone-cutter, who did a deal of good by that same hospitality that you have spoken of. And when God saw this, he bestowed favour upon

him; and today he is one of Emperor's great gentlemen at the Court."

Now when I heard that, I said within myself, "It is I that have done this murder."

And I put myself into a ship and departed to Byzantium.

And I questioned with certain of them that dwelt there concerning the house of the Egyptian, saying, "Where shall I find it?" And they showed it to me. And I sat down before his door to wait until he should come forth. And lo, I espied him in all his gay apparel. And I cried out unto him and said, "Look favourably upon me, for I have somewhat that I would declare unto thee." Now, as for the man himself, he neither heard me nor looked upon me; but the officers who attended upon him beat me with rods. And again I put away from me the showing of reverence; and, running on before him, continued to cry aloud. And his officers beat me in like manner as before.

And I continued after the same fashion to make trial of this thing for the space of four weeks; but by no manner of means could I obtain speech with him. Then, when no further strength was left in me, I departed thence and threw myself down before an image of our Saviour Jesus Christ with lamentation and tears, saying, "O Lord, loose me from this pledge; but, if not, then must I myself get me to the world." And while I was saying these words in my heart, I fell asleep.

And suddenly there began to be a great stir; and they cried out, "Make way, Make way for The Augusta*." And those that went on before her were ten thousand times ten thousand; and a thousand thousand were the ranks of them that attended upon her. And I cried aloud, saying, "Look mercifully upon me, Sovereign Lady (*Dominatrix*)."

And she stood still, and, said unto me, "What is it that you have to tell me?" And I said unto her, "I have taken upon myself the wardship of Eulogius the Prefect. Command therefore that I be loosed from this pledge." And she said, "I have not a cause. Fulfil your promise as you will."

And when I was raised from my sleep, I said to myself, "Although I must die; I will not depart from his door, except I shall first have spoken unto him." And I departed thence to before his door; and I stood there to await his coming forth. And when he came forth, I shouted aloud as before. And his doorkeeper ran and smote me great strokes of his rod, until my whole body was fallen to faintness from the multitude of his blows. Then, when

* i.e. The Blessed Virgin Mary.

so much of my strength was gone from me that I was no longer able to endure, I said to myself, "Let us go to Scithis, and, if God wills, let him save Eulogius."

And when I went to look for a ship, I found that there was one there that was going to Alexandria; and I entered into it, that I might make the passage. And immediately, when I had found a place for myself in the sides thereof, I lay there as though dead by reason of extreme faintness. And, in a vision, I saw myself in the Holy Resurrection, and I saw The Child, the same as before, and he was looking upon me with indignation; so that I trembled like a leaf from fear; and I could in no wise prevail to open my mouth to say anything; for my heart was become as a stone.

And he began to speak threatening words unto me, saying, "Why goest thou not to fulfil that which thou hast taken upon thee to do?" And he commanded two from among them that stood about him that they should hang me upon a rack. And he said to me, "Meddle not with a matter that is beyond thy strength; nor present thyself as a mediator, and strive not against God."

And I was not able so much as to open my mouth nor to mutter. Then, when the hanging of me up was finished; suddenly there was a cry made, "Make way for The Augusta." And I saw her and took courage; and in a weak voice I spake unto her, saying, "Have mercy upon me, Queen of the World." And she said to me, "What now again dost thou desire?" And I said, "It is because of my pledge concerning Eulogius that I hang here." And she said, "I myself will make intercession for thee." And I saw that she went and kissed the feet of The Child. Then spake The Child unto me, — not now with indignation, but gently, — saying, "Wilt thou then not busy thyself with this thing further?" And I said, "No, Sovereign Lord; I asked that a better thing might be brought about; but I sinned; be thou merciful unto me." And he commanded, and they set me at liberty. And he said to me, "Get thee to thy cell; and in what wise I shall bring Eulogius to his proper place trouble not thyself to consider."

And immediately when I was awaked, I rejoiced with exceeding great joy; forasmuch as I was freed from the straitness of such a bond. And falling upon my face, I gave thanks unto God.

Now when three months were past; I heard that the Emperor Justinus was dead, and that Justinianus had begun to rule. And he had put down Hypatius and Deciocratius from their high places; and likewise my Eulogius who had been the prefect. Those first two, moreover, were put to death; and all their substance was taken

for spoil; and so also was the substance of Eulogius at the same time. As for Eulogius himself, he fled by night from Constantinople, and the Emperor commanded that in whatsoever place he should be found, he should die.

Thus was it brought about that he came as a fugitive to the village from whence he was. And he changed his apparel, putting off from him the garments wherewith he had been clothed; and he put on the garments of a countryman to wear again as aforetime. And all the dwellers in that village were gathered together to see him. And they said unto him, "We heard that you had been made a patrician." And he answered them, "What? Even a patrician! Think ye that if I had been a patrician, I must needs have seen your faces at the last? Nay; but that is another Eulogius from this province. As concerning myself, I have been in the holy places." And when he was alone again, he said to himself, "Eulogius, take thy stone-cutter's axe, and get thee to work; for this is not a palace; lest perchance thou lose even thy head." And he took up his axe and went out; and hastened on his way to that same rock where he had found the money, hoping that he would yet find more; and there he continued to break into the rock until the sixth hour; but he found nothing. And he began to remember the delicate fare and the luxury and enticements, and all that array of pomp that he had left behind him; and he was troubled. And again he began to say to himself, "Eulogius, get up and work; for this is Egypt and not Constantinople." And so, for a while and within measure, the holy Child and our Sovereign Lady the Mother of God set him back in his former place. For God is not unrighteous that he should have forgotten this man's former works. (*Hebrews* 6-10.)

And after a short time had gone by, I went up to that village. And lo, in the evening he came and took me to his house as he had been wont to do in the past. And when I saw him I groaned, and with sighs and tears I said, "How excellent are thy works, O Lord; thou hast done all things in wisdom. Who is so great a God as our God, who raises up the poor out of the dust and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill? he bringeth low and lifteth up. Wonderful are thy judgments, O Lord; who is able to search them out? As for me, who was a sinner in that which I had begun, except thou hadst been my helper, my soul had come within a little of dwelling in hell."

And he took water and washed my feet as of old, and he set a table before me. Then, after we had eaten, I said to him, "How do you fare, brother?" And he answered me saying, "Pray for me,

my father. I am a man of low estate; and in my hands I have not anything." And I said to him, "Would that thou hadst not had that which thou didst have." And he said to me, "Why, my father? Have I given thee offence in anything?" And I said to him, "What is there wherein thou hast not been made to offend regarding me?" Then I told him all the things that had been said and done; and we lamented, both of us together, with great lamentation.

And he spake unto me thus, "Pray that God may grant somewhat unto me, and I will wholly amend my life." And I answered, "Surely, my son, thou mayest not at all expect that anything more shall be granted unto thee from the Lord; save only that same one meal of husks, so long as thou art in this world."

And behold, through all these many years, God has granted unto him his one meal of husk-pottage day by day continually. Lo, now I have told thee how it has come about that I should know him. Take heed therefore that thou pass not this thing on to any other.

And the disciple regarded the charge that was laid upon him, so that he told no man concerning this matter until after the end of the blessed old man's life.

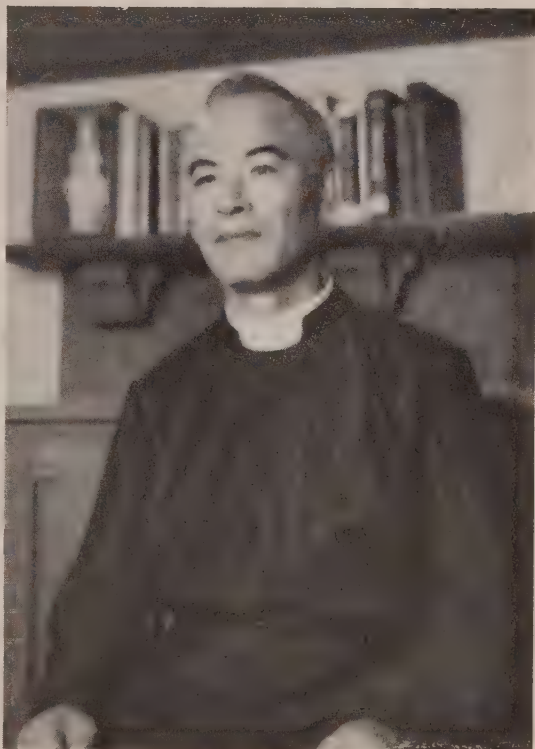
But it is right that we should wonder at the mercy of God; how in a short time he so highly exalted a man, and in like manner brought him low again, even as it was meet. Let us pray therefore, and humble ourselves in the fear of our Lord Jesus Christ; that we may find mercy before his great and dreadful judgment seat, through the prayers of our Sovereign Lady, the holy Mother of God and Virgin Mary, and of all the saints. *Amen.*

COMMUNITY CHRONICLE

OUR frontispiece is a picture of the congregation of the Church of the Transfiguration, Nikko, Japan, taken on Sunday, August 12, 1951 on the occasion of the visitation of the Bishop, the Right Reverend John Okubo, to administer the sacrament of Confirmation. The Bishop and Father Sakurai, S.S.J.E., the priest in charge of the parish, are standing at the rear of the parish group. A little over two years ago, Bishop Okubo requested the Fathers of our Society to assume charge of the little stone church at Nikko, which had been originally for the convenience of English and American visitors, who came to Nikko for the Summer. The Bishop was anxious to establish an indigenous Japanese congregation at Nikko, if that were possible. Starting practically from scratch the congregation has been built up in a very brief time to the considerable group in our picture. When we consider

that only three years ago most of these people were non-Christians, we can only exclaim, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Father Dale briefly describes a visit to Nikko in one of his letters from Japan published in this issue of COWLEY. He has promised to write some longer articles on the works of our Fathers in Japan, which we hope to publish in later issues of COWLEY.

Father Kimura, for twelve years the Father Provincial of our Japanese Province, attained this year the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, a most significant and important event in the life of any Japanese citizen. We hope we are not too late to congratulate him, and to wish him every blessing. As Superior of our Society in Japan during the difficult years of the war, we owe him an especial debt of gratitude. Father Kimura, with Mr. Hara, is the Founder of the



FATHER KIMURA
on his Sixtieth Birthday

Haruna-so Tuberculosis Sanitorium; where he is in process of establishing a new nursing Sisterhood, the Community of Divine Charity. With the permission of the Sisters here, the new Community follows the Rule of the Order of St Anne. The sisters are now engaged in building a modest Convent at the Hospital. Only \$1,000.00 is required for this building project. Perhaps some of our readers would like to help? Contributions may be sent to the

Father Superior in Cambridge, for transmission to Father Kimura in Japan.

Father Palmer has, as usual, been kept busy during the past weeks in preaching Missions. His engagements have included a Mission at Cody's New Brunswick (October 6-9), a brief Retreat for the American Church Union at the Church of the Advent, Boston (October 28), Missions at St Paul's, Savannah, Georgia (November 11-18), St Michael's, Charleston, South Carolina (November 25-30), Christ Church Cathedral, New Orleans, Louisiana (December 2-9; and an address to the Canterbury Club at Christ Church, Cambridge (December 16).

Father Williams attended the meeting of the Council of the American Church Union in New York, of which he is an elected member on October 10th. He conducted a Retreat for the All Saints Sisters at Catonsville, Maryland, from October 15th to 20th; and also gave Retreats to Clergy and Laymen of the Diocese of Louisiana from October 22nd to 28th. These Retreats were held at Camp Hardtner, the Diocesan Conference Center near Alexandria, Louisiana. The Retreat for Laymen was a week-end Retreat, the first of its kind ever to be held in the Diocese. Thirty-five men made the Retreat. After returning to Cambridge, Father Williams visited the Sisters of St John the Divine, in Toronto from November 4th to 10th. Again at home, he addressed the Clerical Club on "The Church's Mission in Japan" on November 12th. He conducted a Retreat for the Sisters of the Church in Toronto from December 28th to January 3rd.

Father Everett spent the months of August and September, and also the first half of October, as resident priest at All Saints Convent, Catonsville, Maryland. While there, he also was responsible for the Sunday services at St Peter's Church, Ellicott City, Maryland. Father Everett, as a lover of nature, took especial delight in the wonderful variety of wild birds and the magnificent trees to be seen near the Convent.

Father Thomas has been spending the Winter in Chicago, living at St Francis' Church, and assisting in the work of the parish for which the Society is responsible, at the invitation of the Bishop of Chicago. While there, he conducted a day's Retreat at Trinity Church, Michigan City, Indiana. He will be returning East in February, and plans to sail for England for a visit to our Mother House at Oxford on February 15th.

Father Banner, the Assistant Superior, returned to Chicago in September, and is again Priest-in-Charge of St Francis's Church in

that city. From October 19th to 22nd, he conducted a Retreat for the Associates of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity at Bay Shore, Long Island. This year Brother Joseph and Brother David-Anthony are also in residence at St Francis's Church, Chicago, and are taking Theological studies at the Seabury-Western Divinity School at Evanston, Illinois.

Father Hanlon spent part of October and the month of November as resident priest at All Saints' Convent, Catonsville, Maryland. Before leaving Boston for Maryland he gave an address, on October 21st, to young people at the Greek Orthodox Cathedral in Boston, on "Western Monasticism." He has also spoken to the Canterbury Club at the University of Western Maryland (Westminster, Maryland) on the Religious Life. He too has been officiating at the Sunday services at St. Peter's Church, Ellicott City, Maryland; the little parish where the late Father Humphreys did a notable work a few years ago. On Sunday, November 4th, Father Hanlon dedicated a memorial plaque at St Peter's, given in memory of Father Humphreys. The plaque, which is of bronze, is a bas-relief of St John the Evangelist. It has attached to it a plate, suitably inscribed, in loving memory of Father Robert Fletcher Humphreys.

Father Gross is now the Vicar of the Church of St Augustine and St Martin, Boston, succeeding Father Dale. In November, he returned to Caribou, Maine, where he was formerly in charge of St Luke's Mission; for a brief rest, and visit with friends.

Father Gibbs went, towards the end of November to Okmulgee, Oklahoma, where, forty years ago he was priest-in-charge, and then the first Rector, of the Church of the Redeemer. The Church is keeping the Fiftieth Anniversary of its organization; and Father Gibbs was asked to be the special preacher for this occasion. On his way back to Boston, the Father stopped for a brief visit in Chicago, where he was stationed until recently. On December 21st, the Father will celebrate the Fortieth Anniversary of his ordination to the Sacred Priesthood.

Father Manson, visiting us from the English Congregation, has been acting as Chaplain at St. Anne's School, Arlington Heights, Massachusetts. He has been a frequent preacher at our churches in Boston and elsewhere; and has conducted numerous short Retreats in Boston, Cambridge, and Arlington Heights since he returned to us from a visit to our Canadian House during the Summer. Early in January, he flies to Bermuda; where he is to preach two Missions. From there he plans to go by plane to Nassau to visit Bishop Burton, and to conduct two Retreats, one for the Diocesan

Clergy, and another for the Sisters of St Peter. Returning to New York, he will be sailing for England on the *Ile de France*, in company with Father Thomas, on February 15th. Father Manson has endeared himself to all of us during his stay here; and we shall be sorry indeed to see him leave us.

Father McDonald is now the Master of Novices of the Society.

Father Smith, the Deputy Assistant Superior, gave a radio broadcast on "Thanksgiving" at the Morgan Memorial, Boston, on November 19th. He spoke at the Acolytes' festival at St James' Church, Long Branch, New Jersey, on November 24th; and preached at that Church on the Sunday following. On November 29th he addressed the Canterbury Club of the University of New Hampshire, Durham, New Hampshire, on the Religious Life.

Father Maddux, in October and November has been visiting his Diocesan, Bishop Block, in San Francisco. He has preached in various places in Colorado, California, and Texas. In December, he goes to the All Saints' Convent, Catonsville, Maryland, to act as resident-priest there for a time.

Father Dale sailed for Japan from San Francisco, on the *SS. President Jefferson*, on September 15th. His adventures since reaching Japan are related in his letters, published in this issue of COWLEY. In November, he conducted a Retreat for the Sisters of the Epiphany in Tokyo. He is now the Father Provincial Superior of our Japanese Province (The Province of Nippon).

The annual sung Mass of Requiem for our Fathers and Brothers, Associates, Sisters of the Order of St Anne, and members of the Church of St John the Evangelist, who are buried in our cemetery at Foxboro, Massachusetts, was held on Friday, November 23rd. The Father Superior was the Celebrant of the Mass, Brother Benedict served, and Father McDonald acted as Cantor. The choir was made up of the Fathers of the Society and Sisters of the Order of St Anne, including the Reverend Mother from the Convent at Arlington Heights. The day was perfect, warm and sunny, St Michael's Chapel was devotional as always, and the little cemetery among the pine trees, peaceful and beautiful. On such an occasion, one feels very near indeed to our loved ones who have gone before us. May they rest in the peace and joy of the Lord, and may we be given Grace to follow their good examples!

The Christmas Community Retreat of the Society will be held at the Monastery in Cambridge from January 7th to January 12th, inclusive. The Conductor of the Retreat will be Father Thornton, Assistant Superior of the Canadian Congregation of the Society.

FROM THE MONASTERY MAIL-BAG

LETTER FROM THE REVEREND JOSEPH TURNBULL.

Kohala, Hawaii
July 30, 1951

If you look at an atlas you will note that the Kohala district is the northernmost tip of the Island of Hawaii, which island gives the whole group the name. We actually live at a place known as Kapaau but get our mail at the Kohala P.O. This is one of the more isolated spots and one of the places where tourists seldom come, but it is, nevertheless, a spot of much beauty. From the front of the house we have a pastoral vista of rolling hills up to 5000 ft., covered with sugar cane with clumps of trees now and then to break the monotony. From the back, we have a view of the blue Pacific. One cannot imagine the vegetation unless one has seen it with his own eyes. As I go about I'm still fascinated with the scenery and the multi-coloured flowers. I'm not half as excited about all the orchids as I am with the hibiscus, and we have many varieties in the yard.

Somehow I get the feeling that I'm in the Orient, with a Polynesian overtone. The vast majority of the people here are orientals, mostly Japanese. A very big problem is the language, as out here a real pidgen English is spoken. In "Town", as Honolulu is called here, the schools are much better; but here the school situation is almost hopeless. We are going to enjoy our three-year stay here as fully as possible, because then we shall have to return to the mainland for schooling. The population here is two-thirds Buddhist, at least nominally, which certainly is a new experience for me. I can't see that we are making Christians of these folk too fast when you consider that most of these people are third-generation Americans. The people are very generous and fine to work with, although they are painfully shy.

I have two missions under my care — St Augustine's here and St Paul's at Makapala, which is about twelve miles from here. St Paul's was originally Chinese, and they had a Chinese priest for over twenty years. With three exceptions the grave stones in the cemetery there are in Chinese characters, and we have Chinese on the altar, which says, 'Your heart should long for the Lord'. With time, the area has changed and we now have Hawaiians and Japanese there. St Augustine's was for the English plantation people, and was started in 1874, as was St Paul's. Now we have Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Hawaiians, and a very few Haoles (white folk) in the congregation. We have no elderly Japanese, but we have

many elderly Chinese, and it is very picturesque to see them come to church in their native dress. St Augustine's is a lovely small church and it has the best altar that I've had in my ministry. The altar and reredos is of oak, from someone's estate in Staffordshire, and is a memorial from an early English settler. Also we have a bell in the tower with a fine tone, and I ring it like mad at the least provocation! In Chicago Heights we lived some distance from the church so it seems grand to be next to the church again.

Because I'm interested in history I think that everybody else is too, but there are some interesting things about these islands ecclesiastically. The Church here had a sound beginning. At the request of the Hawaiian royalty, the Church of England began work here in 1861, when Bishop Staley with two priests arrived. Good Queen Emma was half English, and had come into contact with the Church before. The Congregationalists Christianized the Islands, but many people were not happy in being Congregationalists. The Church's work started out on advanced Anglo-Catholic lines, and the King, Kamehameha IV, translated the Prayer Book into Hawaiian himself. Soon after, Mother Lydia Sellon came out with some Sisters to start some schools, one of which is still in operation under the Transfiguration Sisters. Here, however, there has been no observance of Prayer Book Holy Days for the past thirty-four years, —but there are some that can remember better days. The first Sunday that I wore Eucharistic vestments, one old Korean woman was in tears with joy. Incidentally, she uses her Korean Prayer Book and hymnal, and it is sometimes confusing to hear her! I've started the boys serving at the altar, and these young Japanese boys take to it like ducks to water. Considering that they had never seen it done before, they do a remarkable job. About the best server is the son of the treasurer of the Buddhist temple next door. As any one knows that has done any mission work, there are plenty of sorrows along with the joy of the work. I had wanted to do some overseas work for some time, and felt that it was now or never.

LETTERS FROM FATHER DALE, S.S.J.E.

On Board *S.S. Jefferson*

Sunday, September 23, 1951

This is our second Sunday at sea. We have just had our little "service" in the dining saloon — a brief and informal one conducted by the Reverend Otto deCamp of the Presbyterian Board of Missions who was born in Corea, — and is on his way back to that country with his wife and four small children. I was invited

to give the "message" from God's word, which I did, out of Jeremiah xxxii, 6-15, that wonderful act of faith and hope on Jeremiah's part in buying a piece of land near Jerusalem on which the enemy was encamped and while he himself was a prisoner. The majority of the few passengers on board are missionary folk who have worked either in Corea or China and are now going to take posts in Japan to be as near as possible to the land of their heart's desire until the time they may return there. I felt that Jeremiah's example had a note of encouragement for us all. To the service came also our room steward, several members of the culinary department of various races and colors, and the Captain of the ship himself; also the only non-missionary passenger on board, a lady from Long Beach, California, who is a Christian Science practitioner and a very pleasant person, who is going out to visit her Brigadier-General brother in Tokyo. She was in the front row of seats and listened very intently and accorded me afterwards what I felt was her professional approval of my discourse! There are no Episcopalians on board. This has been a disappointment, for, though I have with me all the necessary things for celebrating Mass, I have not been able to do so. This Sunday here came upon us suddenly, for we crossed the international date-line last night and found ourselves precipitated from Friday into the Lord's Day.

I came from Chicago to San Francisco by the Burlington Route through Denver and the Moffat Tunnel and Salt Lake City and the Feather River Canyon Route in California. Much of this same ground I had covered before in two transcontinental journeys, but I had never been through the Moffat Tunnel before, going instead through the Royal Gorge. The tunnel route I thought equally as interesting as it climbed up and up through those great granite peaks of the Rockies, passing through tunnel after tunnel and emerging for breath-taking views from high ledges on the mountainside. My car was near the end of the train, so I spent a great deal of time in the observation car in the vista-dome atop the car. It was like a glorified sight-seeing bus and never had I before seen such sights to look at, from the time we left Denver till we rolled out of the Feather River Canyon onto the flat plains of the Sacramento Valley.

Ikebukuro (Tokyo)

October 2, 1951

The second part of my letter I will write in Ikebukuro where I have been staying since I landed at Yokohama Saturday morning. The ship actually docked the previous evening about six o'clock, but I had arranged to sleep on board till the next morning so as

to get all of my luggage cleared through the customs at the same time if possible. However, Chaplain Wielage was at the dock to meet me, and he took me off to the New Grand Hotel for awhile in order that we might have some slight celebration of my birthday. When we returned to the ship Father Leeman was there from St Luke's Hospital, and Brother Michael from Oyama. They had been down in Yokohama that morning expecting the boat in, but had returned to Tokyo when they heard about the delay. (The voyage had been for the most part rather a rough one, the engines having broken down one wild night at sea, throwing the ship into darkness till things got righted again.) Father Leeman and Brother Michael agreed to return again Saturday morning and take me to Tokyo. I have had wonderfully good luck about the customs. — I did have to return to Yokohama to-day to arrange about the transportation of everything to Oyama, but that was easily done and at very little expense. The Japanese Express is a marvellous institution! A crew of eight men went right to work on my luggage, wrapped every bag and suit-case and parcel in straw matting so it would not be scarred or broken, and promised to have everything delivered at the monastery in Oyama the same evening, and I think they will do it, too! I am feeling very well and so happy in being back in Japan again.

St. Michael's Monastery
Oyama, Tochigi-Ken, Japan
October 15, 1951

Saturday morning I went off to Nikko with Father Sakurai for my first visit to the church there, and did not return till the end of Sunday afternoon, so there has not been an opportunity until to-day to begin another letter to you. I find that I must do all of my work and reading and writing during the hours of daylight for the electric current here is so weak and the lights so dim that I can do little if anything after the twilight sets in. I can go to the chapel for awhile before supper. Recreation and office follow supper after which there seems to be nothing else to do but retire to bed at 8 p.m. This seems a sensible thing to do anyway, since we, like everyone else in Japan, get up with the birds.

Apart from an afternoon tea party on October 3rd, at Nellie McKim's house in Shimodate and the trip to Nikko this last weekend, I have not ventured away from the vicinity of the monastery, not even into the town of Oyama. It has been a joy to me just to stay quietly in this beautiful place and adjust myself to the tempo and routine of life here, so different from the noise and bustle of Boston's South-end.

My first few days in Japan were spent with Father Takeda at St Paul's University. I arrived there just in time for luncheon on September 29th, having driven up to Tokyo with Father Leeman of St Luke's Hospital. At Rikkyo (St Paul's University) they were keeping the feast of St Michael and All Angels with a solemn High Mass and solemn Evensong as a special festival of the choir and acolytes. I was sorry to miss the Mass, but I did attend the Evensong which was very well sung. Father Takeda was the officiant in cope. One of the mornings Father Takeda had me speak to the boys of the Middle School at their regular morning chapel service. The chapel was completely filled with them — perhaps between three and four hundred youngsters in their navy-blue uniforms. It was the first time I had ever spoken to so many boys gathered together. This was Father Takeda's way of introducing me to them, and he asked me to tell them the story I had once told him of my first contact with a Japanese boy, a playmate of mine in Georgetown (Mass.). So I told them in a few sentences at a time, which Father Takeda then translated, of Tomasu, whose mother was an American teacher in a Japanese school who married one of the Japanese teachers and after she was widowed returned to her home and family in Georgetown with her little son, Tomasu. His almond-shaped eyes and exotic appearance fascinated me, and as we played together I heard many things about the land where he was born. Then and there I wanted to go to Japan when I grew up and marry a Japanese girl! I told the Rikkyo boys that *one* of these ambitions had now been realized, but that the *other* was out of the question because God had other plans for my life and work; and that Father Takeda would explain that more fully to them. In that way Father Takeda and I got in a word about Vocation!

Nellie McKim's party at Shimodate was in honour of Father Chappel — who came to Japan when he was only sixteen and there were hardly any railroads in the country. He first taught school here in Japan and then, after preparing for Holy Orders at Toronto, returned to be a missionary in this country until the time he left in 1940. He is now here on a six months' visit going round to all his old mission stations in this district, of which Shimodate had been one. Miss McKim had a whole roomful of people at the party — Bishop Okubo and his wife, many of the North Kwanto clergy and lay workers, and a few of the Shimodate Church people. Good strong American coffee was served, along with lots of nice foreign-style cakes which the Japanese bake-shops make exceedingly well. There were many speeches afterwards, as there usually are at all Japanese functions, and of course I was called upon to "say

something!" It got quite dark before we had all spoken our piece and the party began to break up.

The visit to Nikko was not as long as I should have liked it to be. We got there Saturday about 1:30 p.m., and after leaving our things at a Japanese inn next door to the church, where we were planning to spend the night, Father Sakurai and I started forth for the shrines with large paper umbrellas from the inn, for it threatened to rain. The shrines close at 4 p.m., and as we did not want to dash around from shrine to shrine as most of the hordes of sight-seers do; we concentrated on the Toshu-gu, the shrine of Ieyasu, and spent our time there in those buildings, making good use of a pair of field-glasses on the wonderful carvings. No wonder that Nikko is the marvel of Japan, and that people flock there every day in thousands, no matter what the weather is. This month is the special season for school children, and they were everywhere one could look. They come in large parties, with their teachers, and are put up overnight in inns, where they sleep on the matted floors, packed in like sardines in a can!

I was much impressed with the work which Father Sakurai is doing at Nikko. He had had fifty-nine baptisms since he took charge of the place. Sunday was a rainy day and some athletic events were taking up the time and attention of school children; yet there were over forty persons present, and most of them were men. I said Mass at 8 o'clock, with Father Sakurai serving me, and preached to the congregation at the regular 9 o'clock Mass, with Father Sakurai standing beside me taking notes which he interpreted after I finished.

Wednesday morning I am starting out for Haruno-so to see something of what Father Kimura had accomplished there since my former visit in 1940. On Thursday, St Luke's Day, we shall have a service for the breaking of ground for a house for the Sisters. They have been living — in three small rooms in the sanatorium where they have little privacy. The weather still keeps warm here. It has been such a warm and rainy summer that everything is still very green, and new crops of vegetables are still coming up, to be gathered before frost, I suppose, and made into the inevitable pickles which appear at every meal on a Japanese table.

Already I have experienced three good-sized earthquakes in the past two weeks. They always seem to come while we are in chapel at office. The heaviest of them occurred last night while we were singing the *Nunc dimittis* at Compline, a very appropriate song and the best place to be if the worst were to happen!

From The Monastery Mail-Bag

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November 15, 1951

November is half gone, the air is getting colder, and already there is snow on the mountain tops to the north of us above Nikko.

The visit to Haruno-so was interesting. St Luke's Day was the twelfth anniversary of the founding of the sanatorium. I had been there once before, in the summer of 1940 when it was not quite one year old and there was only one building for patients. It is quite wonderful how much Father Kimura and Mr Hara by their combined efforts have accomplished there in these twelve years, erecting one building after another as contributions came in from interested friends of the movement. An aunt of the Emperor, the Princess Higashi-kuni, recently heard about the sanatorium and expressed a desire to visit the place, and a few days after I was there she came to Haruna-so, accompanied by a small company of ladies and a gentleman or two, — and also the Governor of Gumma Prefecture, and made an inspection of the place and had luncheon with Father Kimura and Mr Hara. She expressed great interest in the little community of nursing sisters which Father Kimura is establishing there and for whom I broke ground for a new house of their own on St Luke's Day.



MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY OF DIVINE CHARITY

(A Japanese Nursing Sisterhood at the Hanna-so Hospital, Haruna, Japan)

August 16, 1951

(The priest is Father Kimura, S.S.J.E., the Father Founder)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE AMERICAN MISSAL REVISED. The Complete Liturgy of the American Book of Common Prayers with Additional Devotional Material Appropriate to the Same. The American Missal, Post Office Box 22, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts, 1951. Pages xxxi, 624, 146*, Buckram, price, \$45.00, Morocco, price \$60.00.

THE increasing number of Clergy and Congregations who have more frequent offerings of the Holy Sacrifice will greet with thankfulness the appearance of the American Missal Revised. A new edition of the American Missal has been long needed and much wanted throughout the Church, and this need and want has been splendidly met in this new Missal.

The work of producing this large and really scholarly work was begun several years ago as an amended and improved edition of the old American Missal, but as the work progressed it was found advisable to produce an almost entirely new work, although many of the characteristics of the old Missal remain. The calendar has been enlarged and the necessary new propers, etc., have been provided. Some of these will be rarely used by the parishes of the Church, but the many Religious Houses will find that all the commemorations of their own Kalendars are provided for.

In the Ordinary and Canon itself, there is a strict following of the Rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, with the exception of a provision for using the *Gloria in Excelsis* at the beginning of the Mass; a rapidly growing use throughout the Church, and one which has both liturgical history and psychological force to commend it.

While, as was the case with the old American Missal, the clergy will use it for their own devotions and directions; there may be some parishes where not all of the provisions for the increased devotions and the historical usages will be said or sung publicly. However, the priest has before him in this Missal all the Catholic and traditional material, and so may lead the devotions of his people therefrom as they are ready and willing to receive them.

The reasons for producing the old American Missal and this new and better one are the same; to give the clergy directions as to the historical and traditional manner of celebrating the Holy Eucharist; to give a wider scope for devotion, and to bring to mind and to include in our devotions the great company of holy souls who through the ages have been teachers, confessors and martyrs for Christ and His Church; to deepen, and strengthen, and beautify the offering of the Eucharist by our congregations; and to bring

some order and system into the practice of the Church, where priest and people are feeling after and seeking a more ordered and dignified and proper worship.

The Church is indebted to the editor, the Rev. E. H. Maddux, S.S.J.E., for a truly stupendous labor; and we are grateful to him. He has the scholarship needed, and has met and solved many serious problems in bringing this work to fruition.

† BENJAMIN F. P. IVINS

ADVENT. By Jean Danielou. Translated by Rosemary Sheed. Sheed and Ward, New York, 1951. Pages 181. Cloth, price \$2.50.

THIS volume, entitled "Advent" is directed to all Christians, and especially to those who are eager to unite themselves more closely to our Lord and to other Christians. It is not a work dealing with the season of Advent; but is a book that deals with the coming of our Lord. The author is a theologian and presents his thesis in a clear and logical manner. Many persons and various religions have contributed to the preparation of the coming of our Lord. Many having accomplished their work, have passed on their disciples to Jesus at His Advent; others unwilling to relinquish their disciples to Jesus, have set up false religions which have contributed little or nothing to the Truth that our Lord came here to embody. Several of these precursors are dealt with by the author in a splendid way. Among them are Abraham, Melchisedec, Saint John the Baptist, the angels and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Other forerunners included Judiasm, Buddhism and even fetichism; all of which made their contributions in preparing the way for Christ. All these pointed to our Lord, so that when He did appear men were not too surprised at the sight of Him Whom they had been expecting. The main purpose of the book is to show that all things group themselves about our Lord, and about His Cross. The author declares that the essential work of Christ is to reestablish the unity of mankind. Christ draws to Himself the whole man; and by His Cross unites all men in Himself. This unity will come only by the conversion of the nations to Christ. And the individuals of the nations must be converted by means of Christ's Cross. Christ is the priest who offers the sacrifice which truly glorifies the Father; and which enables Christians to reach their goal. Christ is the King who fulfills the Messianic figures.

And Christ is the Prophet who not only foretells the future, but who as a true prophet, bears witness to the truth as it is revealed in history. He also bears witness to the truth to the extent that He completely give His life in carrying out God's plan for man

So this truth is revealed in Him. Father Danielou laments the fact that Protestants have all but discarded the Blessed Virgin Mary from their lives. Our Lady is the Mother of our Lord and of all Christians. At the end of the volume the author says: "It is the presence of the Holy Ghost Himself in the world trying to set everything on fire, taking possession of all who let Him. It is the life of the Spirit flowing down in a great stream upon Christ, given on by Him at Pentecost to the Apostles, which flows through history — which makes history, one might say — and in which the apostle is so completely immersed that he realises that it is no longer he who acts, but the active presence of the Spirit which fills him, takes him out of himself and transforms him."

This volume is worthy of careful study, deep thought, and prayerful meditation.

— R. T. M.

LIVING THE LORD'S PRAYER. A Study of Basic Christianity.

By Carroll E. Simcox, Ph.D. Morehouse-Gorham Co., New York, 1951. Pages 108. Cloth, price \$1.75.

THIS attractively written little book ought to prove welcome bait for the religiously indifferent. The first two pages of the text deal with a short story of H. G. Wells which appeared in *The New Yorker*, and scattered through the text are quotations from Renan, Montaigne, Melville and Gibbon; as well as from the Saints, the Scriptures, and the Book of Common Prayer. Always clear the book never becomes boring nor embarrassingly didactic, as can so easily happen with books of this nature. Indeed it is difficult to avoid the question of how the author justifies the title for this work. "Understanding" or "Assimilating" the Lord's Prayer, might be more accurate participles to characterize the book; as it is definitely apologetic rather than homiletic.

Even the most cursory reader will find much to stimulate thought and vitalize interest; and any book that will do this for the Lord's Prayer is of value. The worth of the book for the more earnest reader is, perhaps, another question. It seems unfortunate, for instance, that the author waits until the last page of the appendix to point out that St Matthew "indicates that Jesus originally gave us the Prayer as a pattern rather than a verbal prescription." Had this come at the beginning of the book with a little amplification, the whole text might have been brought closer to "living". One is also disappointed to find that after the excellent section on "forgive us our trespasses" there is no discussion, or even mention, of the next phrase, "as we forgive those who trespass against us".

What the author has to say is sound, and he says it remarkably well. One finds oneself in the unusual position of wishing that he had said a good deal more.

—R. F. A.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CHURCH. A Brief History of Christ Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts. By Gardiner M. Day. Privately Printed at The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1951. Pages 186. Cloth, price \$2.50.

THE customary reaction to picking up a parochial history is to heave a sigh of anticipatory *ennui* at the prospect of perusing still another "dry-as-dust" treatise, of interest solely to an esoteric body of old ladies who still recall the good old days of "dear Mr. X". Gardiner Day's book, therefore, comes as a refreshing break with tradition.

The author covers the one hundred and ninety-two years of the inception, travails, and growth of Christ Church in thirteen chapters which incorporate many colorful sidelights of the parish's history and minimize tedious statistical and financial information. One cannot avoid being impressed by the varied types of clergymen who fashioned the warp and woof of the church's story, including an imposter, and a priest who "swam the Tiber".

In the Preface to his book Mr. Day requests that any misinformation in his work be brought to his attention. In response it might be pointed out that the author is in error in stating, on Page 74, that Father Hall voted for Phillip Brooks. Father Hall did not cast his vote for Dr. Brooks; but when the latter had been elected, he did sign the testimonial certifying the bishop-elect's orthodoxy. It was this act which gained him censure from his Superior.

Dr. Henry Bradford Washburn once advised a seminarian to be certain to compile an index if he ever wrote a book. It is to be regretted that such counsel has not been heeded in this book, as an index would have increased the value of an already useful piece of research.

—ROBERT C. SMITH, S.S.J.E.

STEPPING STONES TO SANCTITY. By the Rev. Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.T.D. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1951. Pages 151. Price \$2.25.

WRITTEN by a Religious, this is a most thought-provoking book. Since everyone, be he of the Ministry, the Religious, or the Laity should be striving for sanctity, the five chapters giving suggestions towards the attainment of such a goal are

most enlightening. Many times one can hear or read the same things over and over again, if presented in an interesting manner, and this is certainly the case here. A good book for using in one's meditations or in preparing retreats. Especially valuable is the appendix.

— W. F. C.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT. (The Hale Lectures, 1950.) By Leonard Hodgson, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1951. Pages 159. Cloth, price \$2.50.

TO many thoughtful Christians, including the great Dante, the Edict of Milan, by which the Roman Empire formally recognized the Christian Church was a spiritual misfortune for the Church; implicating it, as it did with the world. But Professor Hodgson in this interesting series of lectures on the Atonement, has a different view: —

"During — (the first three hundred years of the church's life, its members) — though individually they might, and did, exercise great influence in politics and social life, the church officially had no voice or responsibility in the conduct of affairs of state. After the Edict of Milan this was changed. — The church, which had been given three hundred years in which to learn to know itself as the body of Christ and the temple of His Spirit, was now given the task of Christianising the laws, customs, conventions and habits of the Empire. — In the continuing body of (God's) earthly work, the church, He has again immersed Himself in the cross-currents of human history; the year 313 saw Him take a step forward and make that immersion yet more thorough; and we men, being what we are, continue to crucify the Lord afresh. — The church has still to be the object, as well as the instrument of His saving work. But it must endure the tension, the crucifixion of being both. If it is to be true to the vocation for which it has been called, cleansed and commissioned, it must not cast longing eyes backward to the years before Milan and seek to ensure its own holiness by withdrawing from the world and letting the world go to the devil its own way." (pp. 101-102.)

This thoughtful and arresting judgment is typical of many others in this small volume; which will repay careful study.

Punishment, as distinguished from revenge, is essentially retributive and vindictive, and is an activity which can only exist between a community and a member of itself. Forgiveness between men is the taking of pain caused by injury in such a way as to cut short

its power for producing further evil, and make it, instead, a means of increasing goodness. God in Christ embraced that self-punishment which combines the activities of punishing and forgiving. So our sins, when they ultimately reach God, are transformed into material to feed His righteous love.

Towards the end of the book, Professor Hodgson discusses the opposing views as to whether God's redemptive work is to be brought to perfection in time and space; or is only to be revealed in the apocalyptic destruction of the present creation. He concludes that neither view can be demonstrated by Scriptural proof; though he himself inclines to the hope that God's Kingdom may finally come on earth.

Like everything else that Dr. Hodgson has written, this is a volume that ought not to be neglected by the theologian or the parish priest.

—GRANVILLE M. WILLIAMS, S.S.J.E.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE DEAD? By the Rev. John Peter Arendzen, D.D., Ph.D., M.A. Sheed and Ward, New York, 1951. Pages 20. Price \$3.50.

THIS is a book written in understandable words for the laity. Originally published some years ago, it is now reprinted, and should be helpful to many. Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, The Judgment, etc., are some of the chapter headings. The teaching of the Roman Church is made plain to those who might be confused by more theological language.

—W. F. C.

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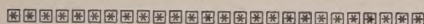
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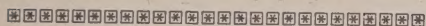
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